WORLD UNDER
BLOOD
TACTICAL

A GOD AMONG THE WASTE

to all the fallen...
your goals will never be achieved
in light of what has happened...
filthy vermin invading every right to believe
your lavish order is now disorder...
in my dreams, or sick fantasies
bodied bags, toes tagged
in delight of a nation growing sicker
a cheap imitation of life takes over
thriving forward, absorbing yours and making it mine
slowly forcing souls to my side

a god among the waste...you pray to get the story straight
a god among the waste, we should never have to live this way
a god among the waste
a highness to destroy this state.

to all forgotten...your strategy is received
but its not as you expected
you can't match my hatred
evading every issue unseen
no common knowledge or fortitude in-between

(solo Miller)

a god among the waste...you pray to get the story straight
a god among the waste, we should never have to live this way
a god among the waste
a highness to destroy this state.

INTO THE ARMS OF CRUELTY

there's no real way to make the best of the worst
we are sentenced at birth onto a prison we still call the earth
the pre-adolescent mind records
and stores all that they see, feel and hear
and the actions of adulthood at best are carried out in fear
a figure of neglect stands above the shape of innocence
succumbs to insecurities and issues cruel punishment
unqualified, yet socially identified as symbols of poverty
entitled to our cognizance
you can burn in hell for knowing what you know
projections of a bastard, reaping what you sow
feeding the illusion, a child's faith erodes

a new soul, a blank face
an innocent expression already erased
a new soul into the arms of cruelty
a blank face into the arms of cruelty
an innocent expression into the arms of cruelty
already erased

there's no real way to make the best of the worst
we are sentenced at birth onto a prison we still call the earth
why can you ignore the warnings?
and how can you truly welcome the product of yourself
into the arms of cruelty?

feeding the illusion that you want them in your custody
the helpless child trusts the arms of cruelty

(solo Jaeger)

a new soul into the arms of cruelty
a blank face into the arms of cruelty
an innocent expression into the arms of cruelty
already erased...

(solo Jaeger)

PYRO COMPULSIVE

a supernatural threshold to pain
will come to your defense
when appendages go up in flames
a strike of a match, the stench of kerosene all you remembered
before your quarters and possessions hosted human ember
the seizures, the lust...
the blackouts kill your recollection
scarring flesh feeds infection
arson obsessive, pyro-compulsive
the singeing, the scorching,
the smoldering through third degree
has been and will always be
pyro-compulsive at high frequency
self inducing blackening anatomy
pleasure from pain and untold misery
psychoanalysis the law demands release
pyro-compulsive at high frequency
psychoanalysis fire always sets them free

consciousness is lost
while everything you own
goes up in smoke
dying ventilation,
inhale the incinerating toke
under the dermatome
and placing graft on top of graft
addicted for as long as it lasts,
just one more time before i pass
the seizures, the lust...
the blackouts kill your recollection
scarring flesh feeds infection
arson obsessive, pyro-compulsive
burning fantasies in gasoline
as heat consumes your entity,
torch your own identity

pyro-compulsive at high frequency
self inducing blackening anatomy
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(solo Jaeger)

burning fantasies in gasoline
as heat consumes your entity
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DEAD AND STILL IN PAIN

drifting response, slow reaction
conscious and comatose
sleepwalking through every event
injecting maximum dose
transparent sickness
visible rivers
the pale of flesh, the chill of sweat
function depleting, agony leeching
eroded figure in pain and... dead

taking all blame, sense the shame
dead and still in pain
a damned creation, dissimulation
dead and still in pain
blissful end, attempted again
dead and still in pain
sick of the sane, taking the blame
dead and still in pain!

my fleeting rapture, no emotion
limited human abilities
waving my hands in front of my face
sight forever locked in stare...

(solo Miller)

taking all blame, sense the shame
dead and still in pain
a damned creation, dissimulation
dead and still in pain
blissful end, attempted again
dead and still in pain
sick of the sane, taking the blame
dead and still in pain!

PURGATORY DORMITORY

lights out
before you even knew that
they discovered that your alibi is a lie
you come to within a room
without a clue of what's inside
silence then a scream
fused to an artificial respiration machine

up on the second floor paralyzed with blinded eyes
you cannot rid you of yourself or of all of those surrounding you
punishment they all say has fit the crime
deep in your mind will be your former glory
in the purgatory dormitory

(solo Jaeger)

anesthetic local removing cords of vocals cannot speak
notice that your hearing's stifled,
extinguished explanations that you seek
every nerve submerged in procaine
in every vein
now you're just a brain...

up on the second floor paralyzed with blinded eyes
you cannot rid you of yourself or of all of those surrounding you
punishment they all say has fit the crime
deep in your mind will be your former glory
in the purgatory dormitory

laden with guilt and injected with shame
you don't know the names of these empowered saints you blame
can't feel the cold, cannot feel the flames
cannot feel the presence of your body's weakened frame

(solo Jaeger)

up on the second floor paralyzed with blinded eyes
you cannot rid you of yourself or of all of those surrounding you
punishment they all say has fit the crime
deep in your mind will be your former glory
in the purgatory dormitory

UNDER THE AUTUMN LOW

embrace the end of August
counting down the hours
my pulse is racing to the freeze of the breeze
always dreading Summer's conclusion
into Autumn's intrusion
it begins the swelling of this twisted disease
bone broken, glass smashed
vein is open, skin's slashed
exhausting all solutions to the highest degree
chemicals collide, tainted inside
awoken in the dark by the tremors consuming me
a poison chosen, polluting the essence to be
a temporary fix to mask the agony
kill me at once, because that's what it wants
an anxiety increase beyond a person's belief
panic stricken, body sickened
razors deepen, red seeping
I utilize my being for inflicting battery

under the Autumn low
misery destroying the beauty of life
under the Autumn low
intuition deceived by the threat of homicide

living in chains without the words to explain
existing in the past where only memories remain
focus unclear, a stagnant exercise in fear
without an answer, gut reaction...the end is near

under the Autumn low
misery destroying the beauty of life
under the Autumn low
intuition deceived by the threat of homicide
save me

(solos Miller/Murphy/Miller/Murphy)

under the Autumn low

I CAN'T STAND HIS NAME

maybe a work of fiction
and the friction that it's caused is sickening
the devil's dog and the evidence has no one thinking
a celebrity perhaps, at worst a novelty.

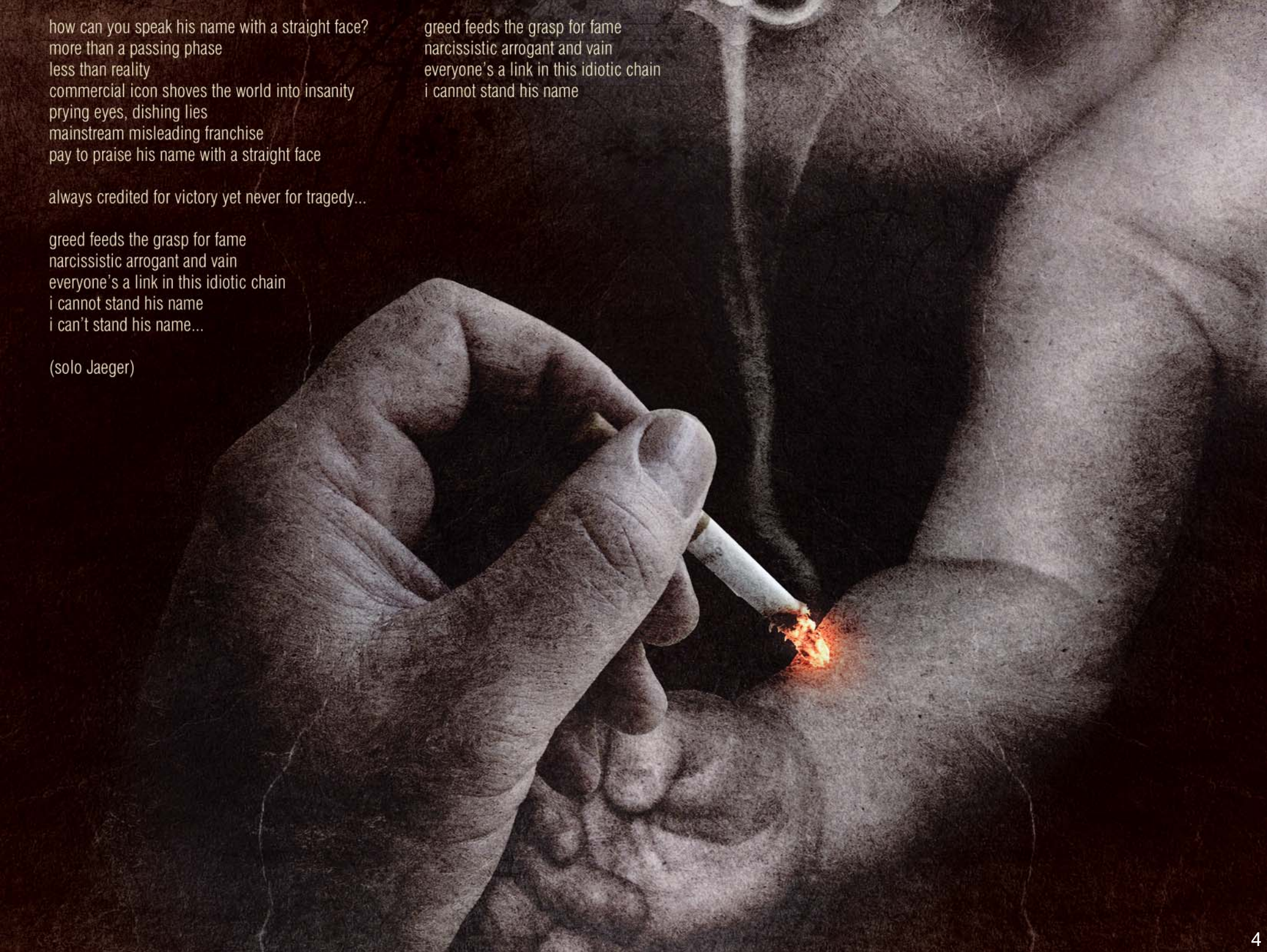
how can you speak his name with a straight face?
more than a passing phase
less than reality
commercial icon shoves the world into insanity
prying eyes, dishing lies
mainstream misleading franchise
pay to praise his name with a straight face

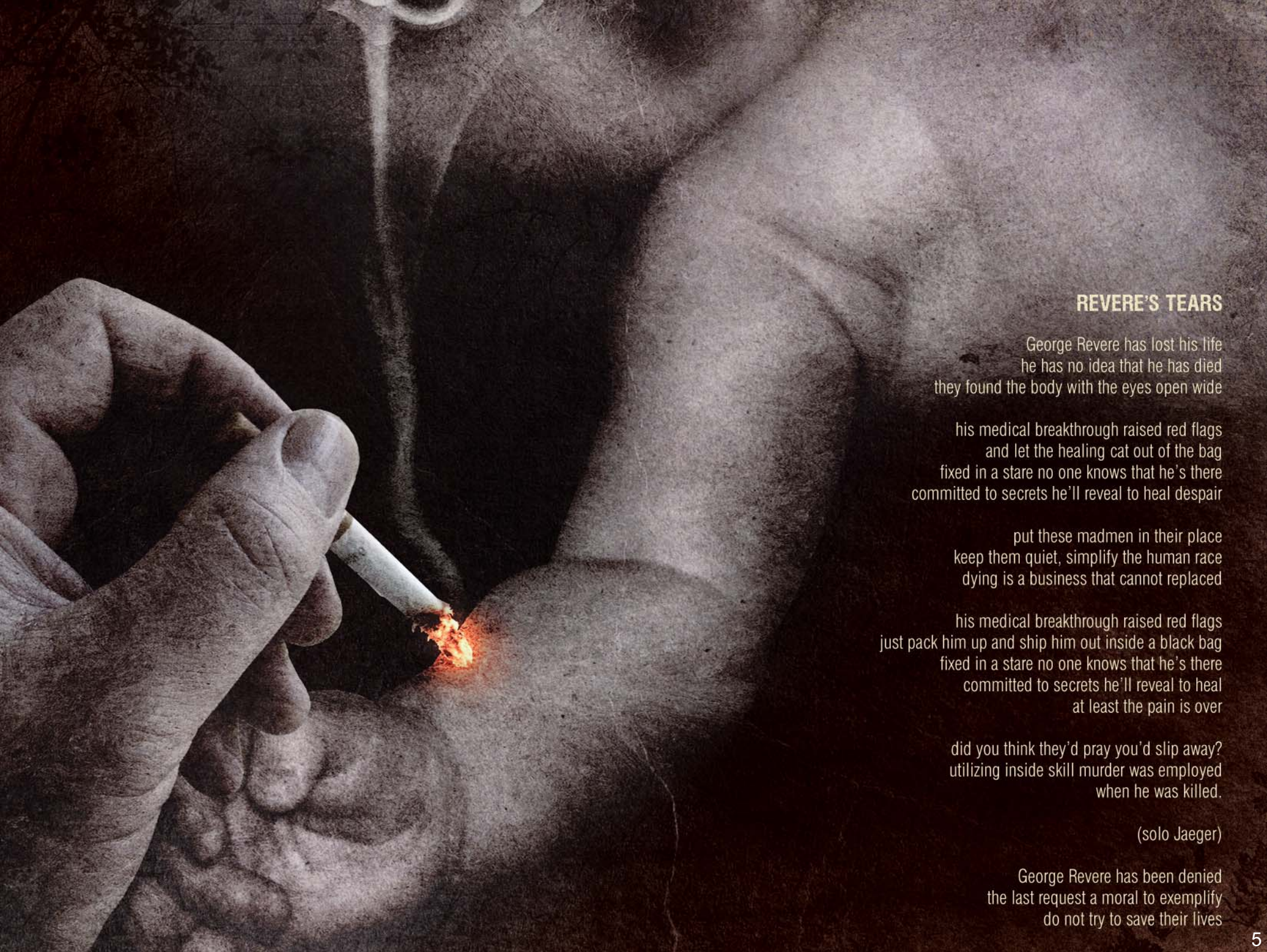
always credited for victory yet never for tragedy...

greed feeds the grasp for fame
narcissistic arrogant and vain
everyone's a link in this idiotic chain
i cannot stand his name
i can't stand his name...

(solo Jaeger)

greed feeds the grasp for fame
narcissistic arrogant and vain
everyone's a link in this idiotic chain
i cannot stand his name





REVERE'S TEARS

George Revere has lost his life
he has no idea that he has died
they found the body with the eyes open wide

his medical breakthrough raised red flags
and let the healing cat out of the bag
fixed in a stare no one knows that he's there
committed to secrets he'll reveal to heal despair

put these madmen in their place
keep them quiet, simplify the human race
dying is a business that cannot replaced

his medical breakthrough raised red flags
just pack him up and ship him out inside a black bag
fixed in a stare no one knows that he's there
committed to secrets he'll reveal to heal
at least the pain is over

did you think they'd pray you'd slip away?
utilizing inside skill murder was employed
when he was killed.

(solo Jaeger)

George Revere has been denied
the last request a moral to exemplify
do not try to save their lives

WORLD UNDER BLOOD:
DERON MILLER: all vocals, guitars, bass, keys
TIM YEUNG: drums, keys
LUKE JAEGER: lead guitars
RISHA ERYAVEC: bass

JAMES MURPHY: additional keys, bass and guest solos

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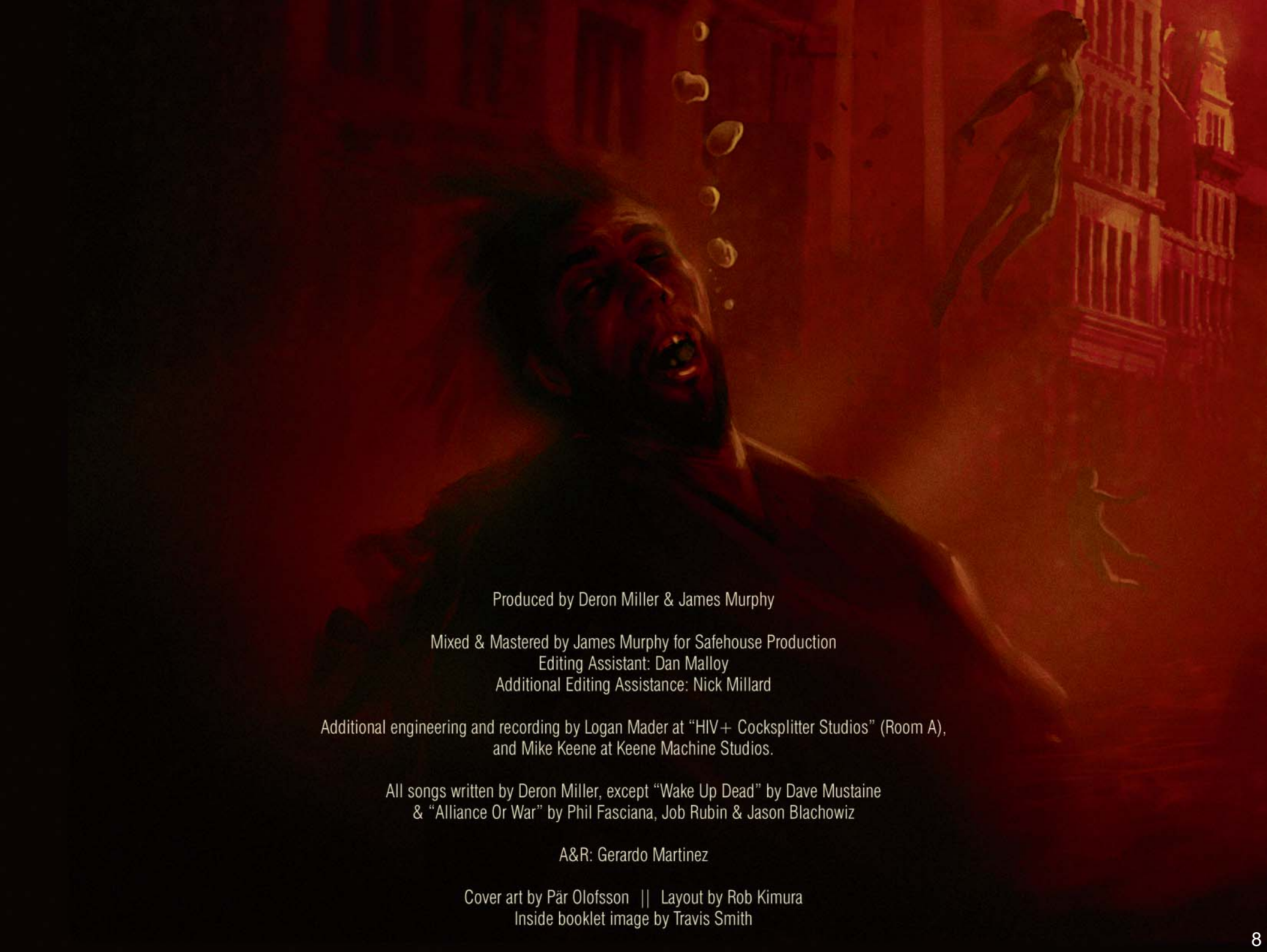

Produced by Deron Miller & James Murphy

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Editing Assistant: Dan Malloy
Additional Editing Assistance: Nick Millard

Additional engineering and recording by Logan Mader at “HIV+ Cocksplitter Studios” (Room A),
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& “Alliance Or War” by Phil Fasciana, Job Rubin & Jason Blachowiz

A&R: Gerardo Martinez

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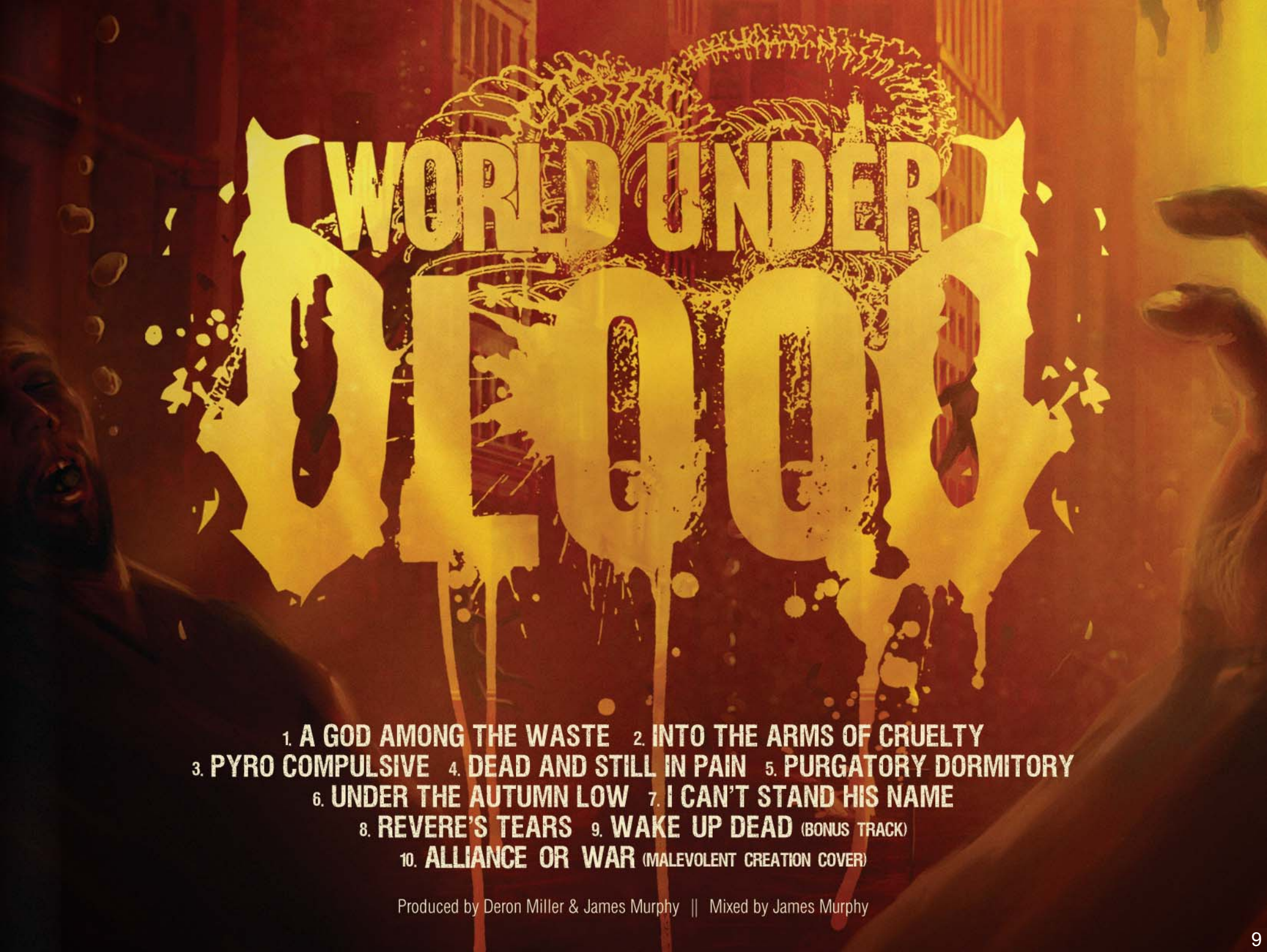

1. A GOD AMONG THE WASTE 2. INTO THE ARMS OF CRUELTY
3. PYRO COMPULSIVE 4. DEAD AND STILL IN PAIN 5. PURGATORY DORMITORY
6. UNDER THE AUTUMN LOW 7. I CAN'T STAND HIS NAME
8. REVERE'S TEARS 9. WAKE UP DEAD (BONUS TRACK)
10. ALLIANCE OR WAR (MALEVOLENT CREATION COVER)

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